

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 3, NO. 22.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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Wrangell, Alaska.

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WRANGELL, ALASKA.

Crown and Bridgework
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Office on Front Street.

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Wm. Lewis is improving his residence property.

There is every indication of a big berry crop this year.

A new line of Trusses just received by the Wrangell Drug Co.

Don't fail to read the Smalley Gasoline advertisement.

Mr. Samuel Sylvester left for Seattle on the Humboldt, Saturday.

Ole Johnson last week laid a new floor in the U. S. Saloon building.

Donald Sinclair has had a new floor laid in the City Store building.

A new picket fence adorns the Erwin property occupied by J. S. Clark.

A fine lot of logs in the boom at the mill, some scaling as high as 14,000 feet.

Joe Erwin, an old Wrangellite, they say has struck it rich on Ophir Creek, near Nome.

Mrs. Wm. Fowler underwent a painful operation by Dr. DeVigne, Saturday, for varicose veins.

Despite the stormy weather last week, Capt. Orr made his weekly trip with the Clatawa on time.

Capt. Jackson, owner of some good mining properties over on the west coast has been in town some days.

Capt. R. Footness came up from Lincoln Rock, Friday and returned Sunday, knowing more about Redmanish.

There has been a black bass craze on here during the week, numbers of those fish having been caught off the dock.

Any one having claims against the Peoples' Church, will please present the same to Lauree Milligan, at Carlyon's.

The owners of the Antelope have had her on the beach several days, making repairs and putting in new machinery.

Paul Bergfeld returned from Juneau last week with a voice on him like a cat, having contracted one of those Taku colds.

The Catherine M. is undergoing quite a change. Several feet of her cabin space, aft, has been removed, which will give additional deck space for carrying fish.

Ernest Specht came in from Marble Creek, near Shakon, on the Clatawa, Saturday. He says they have completed a good wharf, and are now at work to begin active work on the marble quarry, under Col. Nason.

The old reliable Cottage City, under command of the pioneer skipper, David Wallace, made a flying trip in Alaskan waters last week. She left here Monday, went to Juneau, Skagway, Sitka, Funder Bay and Point Ellis, and was back here Friday morning.

Inspectors of hulls and boilers Whitney and Newhall passed down last Thursday on their way to Ketchikan, expecting to return to Wrangell about the 17th. It looks somewhat strange to see Whitney without Capt. Lehmann who has resigned to be with his wife, who is in poor health.

Attorney R. W. Jennings came down on the Delphin, to be present as Mr. Sylvester's counsel in his suit against de Bonis non administrator Wakefield. The case came up for hearing and after being argued pro and con, Commissioner Thomas postponed it to May 2nd. Mr. Jennings returned home on the Jefferson.

When Paul Bergfeld returned from Juneau, last week he swore out a warrant against Fred Johnson, for stealing his boat. Johnson was given a trial, convicted and sentenced to 40 days in jail. In this case it came out that Johnson also took the oars and oarlocks for which Geffe is serving a term in jail, but Geffe plead guilty to taking them in order to shield Johnson, to whom he felt under obligations for pulling him out of the river.

Mr. Horace Cummins reached Wrangell, Monday on his way to Shakon, from Minnesota, where he spent several weeks visiting his family and friends. His son who was here with him last summer, he left running a paper at Eagle Lake, Minn. Mr. Cummins says that L. P. Hunt, secretary and manager of the Shakan Salmon Company, and his wife will soon be at Shakon and Mr. Hunt will take personal supervision of affairs.



Our New Stock of Hoffman, Rothchild Clothing & Co.'s Has Arrived.

Before buying your Spring Suit it will pay you to examine these Goods.

Also, our Sample Book of

Work Bros. Co.'s Made to Order Clothing.

STYLE and FIT GUARANTEED.

New Goods by Every boat.

THE CITY STORE,

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor.

Wrangell, Alaska.

St. Michael Trading Company.

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes,

Groceries, Hardware, Graniteware, Etc.

Try our Pillar Bay Brand Red Salmon, Only 5c. a Can.

Corn on the Cob.

Agent for the **FAMOUS Chase & Sanborn Coffee.**

ALASKA SENTINEL.

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A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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Best Bread and Pasty
Always on Hand
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Edwad Ludecke,

General Repairer of
Boots and Shoes.

All work left with me will be
Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next
door to Sinclair's store.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Report of Treasurer of School Board,

Incorporated Town of Wrangell, June 30, 1904 to March 31, 1905:

		RECEIPTS	
C. McCormack, Town Treasurer.			\$1577
		DISBURSEMENTS.	
1904	No.		
Sep	1	H. P. Corser, services	\$ 80 00
	2	Ins. Walton	60 00
	3	J. G. Grant, coal 400; blackboard, \$3	25 00
	4	H. P. Corser, services and repairs	15 00
	5	H. P. Corser, supplies	15 00
	6	H. P. Corser, services	80 00
	7	Ins. Walton	60 00
	8	H. P. Corser, " and repairs	15 00
	9	H. P. Corser, supplies	15 00
	10	H. P. Corser, supplies	15 00
	11	F. W. Carlson	70 75
	12	H. P. Corser, services	80 00
	13	Ins. Walton	60 00
	14	Mr. Young, Native school	50 00
	15	H. P. Corser, services and repairs	15 00
	16	H. P. Corser, services and repairs	15 00
	17	M. T. Imman, repairs	15 00
	18	E. J. Jorgensen, wood	15 00
	19	H. P. Corser, services	80 00
	20	Ins. Walton	60 00
	21	Mr. Young, Native school	50 00
	22	H. P. Corser, services and repairs	15 00
	23	A. P. Snyder, printing	4 00
	24	G. C. Corser, supplies	20 00
	25	H. P. Corser, services	80 00
	26	H. P. Corser, services	20 00
1905			

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

Music may be potent, but did the phonograph ever cure you of anything?

A large proportion of the crime of 1905 seems to have been committed by Mr. Johann Hock.

The absurdity involved in likening President Roosevelt to a czar becomes more apparent every day.

The finding of that big diamond in South Africa reminds us that consistency is a jewel still worth searching for.

The Boston Globe wants to know "what the rich are doing to-day." Isn't that what Tom Lawson is trying to tell us?

After all is said and done, any salute to the flag that does not come from the heart—whether by man or woman—is of no value.

Snoot says one wife is all he wants, and Mrs. Snoot is at liberty to interpret this as a compliment or otherwise, as she pleases.

It may take years, however, for the flunkisha to supplant the drosky as a popular conveyance in the streets of St. Petersburg.

What? Does the United States Supreme Court dispute the assertion of the beef trust that there is no such thing as a beef trust?

In Russia the wages of married men are more than three times as high as those of single men. It may be added that a good many Russians marry young.

An enterprising medical supply company is giving away a new remedy that is guaranteed to "stop all itching." Will it stand the supreme test of application to the human palm?

A New York judge has declared a boy feeble minded because he kissed a pretty school girl. Most persons would think him feeble minded if he missed a chance of that kind.

At this distance it is figured out this way: As the Russians have had too many soldiers killed to quit fighting, they must kill a few more in order to reach a point where they can quit.

"There were more than 1,000 minor poets in ancient Rome," says a literary authority. This makes us a little suspicious of those other reasons history has assigned for the decline and fall of the empire.

President Angell of the University of Michigan is one of the few men who can't get their resignations accepted. It must come in handy to be as important as that when one decides to strike for a raise of salary.

A woman narrowly escaped being burned to death in St. Louis the other day because she was so fat that the firemen couldn't get her through a window. Here is another strong argument in favor of the sylph-like form.

An important order designed to decrease the number of accidents due to the negligence of overworked employees has been issued by one of the largest Western railways. "Keep such record of movement of crews before train dispatcher," it reads, "as will absolutely prevent an engine man or trainman going out on a run without full allotted time for rest."

Secretary Wilson officially states that there is no such thing as "cabbage snake." If this sort of thing keeps on we will be robbed of all our early-day monstrosities. It wasn't long ago that they took our hoop snake from us, and then they reached out and crushed our glass snake. And pretty soon they may be expected to tell us that the measuring worm doesn't take the exact dimensions of the back yard and that the devil's darning needle never sews up naughty boys' ears. It's too bad.

It is almost if not quite impossible to obtain certain articles which are true to their name. For instance, I doubt if pure olive oil is to be had in this market except from dealers of the highest standing. I have found that in almost every case the vinegar sold at low prices is fortified by mineral acid. Cocoa is adulterated with an excessive amount of starch or with the ground shells and sugar. It is an old story among food chemists that ground coffee is duplicated by drying, baking and powdering hog's liver, which is mixed with chicory and sufficient coffee essence to give it flavor, while even the whole coffee bean is duplicated by an artificial article.

The "yellow peril" cry is raised from time to time to excite the sympathetic fears of the West, but a moment's reflection shows how absurd it is. The yellow peril is supposed to exist in the fact that after success in this war Japan may form a combination with China against the West. The Japs, it is said, re-enforced by the 400,000,000 of China, might close the East to foreign trade and invade the West with irresistible hordes. But what, it may be asked, would the great powers, including the United States, be doing all the while? The United States, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy

and Russia would be united against a hostile Chinese-Japanese combine, and their navies could speedily smash the Japanese navy. With the Jap fleets destroyed and the Jap ports assailed, the combine would speedily collapse. The Japanese would soon be made to beg for peace, while China would still be helpless against allied armies.

Had Adam known that his rib was to be taken and turned into a woman, would he have consented? It is a question raised by a woman at a Cleveland missionary society meeting and left open to conflicting opinion. The woman of to-day, like Pandora of old, is bound to pry into things and turn loose upon the world a lot of troubles. That stolen rib of Adam's was supposed to be a closed incident. The borrowed member was long since restored to men. For countless generations he has had the rib as well as the woman close to his heart. Man wasn't worrying over the rib affair at all. He had all but forgotten it. But woman, womanlike, must, of course, prod him out of his complacent forgetfulness and demand that he tell her whether or not he is sorry that she is in existence. Adam has left no evidence of his feeling on the subject, and we can only guess at this late date whether he would willingly have exchanged a rib for a woman or not. You may guess either way and feel confident that your position can not be disproved. But this much may be said with certainty: Adam would have been at a disadvantage. He would have been trading in the dark. It would have been impossible for him to comprehend in advance what a woman would be like. Indeed, even to-day, man can't make her out, and doesn't unanimously know whether she is a good thing or not. So Adam might very reasonably have balked at giving up one of his royal good, sound ribs that he could not very well spare, for a "pig in a poke" that might prove an intolerable nuisance to him. But, after all, the profitable and vital question at this late time is not as to what Adam in his ignorance might have done had choice been his, but what the man of to-day is willing to give up in exchange for woman and the fullness of her blessings. To-day, as in Adam's time, man must sacrifice in order to be worthy of and to win the rich treasures of womanhood. Man to-day, as always, must supply the material to make the woman who is really his own. She is more exacting now than she was. She requires more than a rib. It may be a temper he must curb, a disposition he must train, habits he must conquer, appetites he must restrain, pet vices he must give up, to cultivate the love and faith and trust and sympathy that make a woman truly his.

Both Were Blank.
"Here is a poem which you may publish in your paper," said a young man, with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, as he entered the editorial room. "I dashed it off rapidly in an idle moment, and you will find it in a rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor. "I will give you a check for it at once." "You are very kind," said the contributor. "I shall be delighted." "There you are!" said the other, handing him a piece of blank paper. "Many thanks!" exclaimed the young man. "I will bring you some other poems." When he got to the door he suddenly paused, then came back. "Excuse me," he said, "but you forgot to fill in the amount. You have not written the date, nor have you signed your name." "Oh," said the editor, "that is all right! You see, I have given you a check in the rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

The Buttered Side.
A woman who is a close observer of children was out walking in the country one day, she relates, when she saw a little girl with solemn big blue eyes sitting on a doorstep munching a huge slice of bread and butter. The only peculiarity about the operation was that she was holding the buttered side of the bread toward the ground. "Why do you hold your bread and butter that way?" asked the lady. "Tause," whispered the little maiden, confidentially, "mamma says bread always falls butter side down, so if you hold it butter side down to start with and then drop it, why, of course, it falls butter side up."

Would Make Sure About the Soap.
A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, tiring of play and suddenly growing serious, said, "Read me that story about heaven; it it the glorioth."

"I will," said the mother, "but first tell me, did you take the soap out of the water?" "Oh, yes; I'm pretty sure I did." The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight, but when she came to the words, "No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie," bounding up, he said:

"I gneeth I'll go and thee about tha thoath!"—New York Observer.

Explaining a Parable.
A London paper records that the son of a well-known bishop being asked to explain the meaning of the parable of the grain of mustard seed, replied: "It means that a little religion goes a long way and those who have least of it here will be highest in the kingdom of heaven."

It's a poor doctor who is unable to make a patient cough up.

SOME OLDEN SONG.

Come, sing to me some olden song,
Some tune that will recall
The golden days of childhood
My mother's face, and all.

Some sweet, old-fashioned, simple air,
The crooning, soft refrain,
That mother used, in years gone by,
To soothe the aching brain.

Some olden, golden, loveliest song,
Forever fresh and young;
Some melody long handed down,
By mother lips long sung.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE DESERTER

THE corporal in charge, who had been drinking steadily, hiccupped his anecdotes. "Yel-low Imps! That's what they are, with teeth as long as your finger. First they shoot and then they eat you. Ugh!"

Stepanovitch shivered. He was reviving from the stupor in which the events of the past few hours had plunged him. He had never expected to be called upon—he, a man just married. It was unfair—horrible. Why should he be sent out to this far and perilous country, called Manchuria, to be eaten by these yellow goblins? If what the corporal said was true, he would never come back alive. None of them all would come back alive. Why had he been such a fool, when the yellow card was given him, to go to the depot and be enrolled? Why had he not done as the others—crept out in the night and met the German agent who helped men to cross the frontier and go in a ship to a country where there was much gold? Was it too late?

The train rolled on through the frosty flats. It was a bitter cold night, but the carriage was stifling. The other recruits were asleep, or stupid with fright. They lay back against the wooden walls of the carriage with closed eyes, heedless of the jolting. The corporal, who had taken yet another drink from his bottle, seemed to be sleeping, too. He was a fierce-looking man in his sleep, fiercer even than when he was awake; but it was a thing to be thankful for that there was a breathing space from those monstrous stories of his. They hurt a man's inside, those stories.

To get rid of the feel of them, Stepanovitch tried to fix his thoughts on Katinka. She was a good girl and laborious, and it was a shame that she should be left—as good as widowed—so soon. How she had wept when the yellow card came! She had wept so much indeed that when the hour for his departing arrived her eyes had been quite dry. He hoped that she would not forget the instructions he had given her, in case he came back; especially with regard to any money she might save. It was not likely that she would save any. Very few did in their village, and Katinka was a hungry one always. That was perhaps why she was so plump. She was the plumpest girl for miles around, and it was for this reason that Stepanovitch had loved her. Well, it was not to be supposed that she could stay plump forever, especially with her man away. She would not have the food. That was natural enough—not to have much food when one's man is away—and Stepanovitch did not regret that he had kept secret from her the place under the floor in which his savings were stored. She might have been tempted to spend them if she had known where they lay; and then when he came back and needed them there would be nothing left.

But would he ever come back? It seemed the question would recur whatever one fixed one's mind on. The railway carriage was altogether asleep now. There was nothing but snoring through the whole of it—snoring that kept time with the monotonous vibration of the train. Stepanovitch, who was in the corner by the door, put his hand on the handle and turned it. He had not meant to open the door, but suddenly it was open. The train went very slow; he could see that by looking through the veriest chink that caused no draught and disturbed no sleeper. A man could drop into the snow very easily and take no harm.

Two days later, in the evening, Stepanovitch stood outside the cottage in which he had left Katinka. It seemed a year since he had left her, but it was only two nights. He had walked all the time, and run, too, except in the daylight, when he had hidden himself in a straw stack. He had eaten nothing and slept not a wink. All the time, while he walked and while he hid, he had thought of this moment and of what a surprise it would be to Katinka. He would go very cautiously in, put his hand on her lips lest she should cry out, and taking his money from the place under the floor, beckon her to fly with him. That very night they would cross the frontier with the help of the German agent; and in the morning he would sleep—sleep all the way to the land of gold! What a morning that would be! It seemed, however, as he stood outside the cottage, that there was a noise within—quite a long and loud noise, as of some one singing. It could not be that Katinka was singing, with him away, as she thought, among the yellow Imps in the Manchurian country. Nor, again, was it her voice. It was a man who was singing. What man had the right to be singing in his cottage?

Stepanovitch licked his lips, which were very red with the cold wind, and went to a crack he knew of in the

PRINCE GUSTAF, NOW REGENT OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



Prince Gustaf, who has assumed the regency of Sweden and Norway, owing to the illness of his father, King Oscar, is the first born of the four sons of the latter monarch. June 16, 1858, is the date of his birth, and in 1881 he married Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. From January, 1890, to January, 1901, he also was in control of the government. When Gustaf formally ascends the throne, upon the death of his father, he will be the fifth sovereign of the house of Pontecorvo, having a great-grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, Prince de Ponte Corvo, founder of the dynasty, who reigned from 1818 to 1844 under the title of Carl XIV. Johan. Prince Gustaf also bears the title of Duke of Wermland. He has three sons. The King of Sweden and Norway must be a member of the Lutheran church. He nominates to all the higher offices and possesses the right to preside, if he desires, in the supreme court of justice.

wall of the cottage. There was a light burning on the table—a bright, wasteful light, so bright and so wasteful that it showed everything in the room at a glance, the stone bottle of vodka on the table, the rubies he had hidden under the floor in the very handkerchief in which he had tied them up—only it was untied now, so that you could see the money quite clearly, the man—Stepanovitch knew him—standing with his back to the door singing, and Katinka looking at him with large eyes, her chin upon her hands, as she sat at the table, plump and well-looking. It did not occur to Stepanovitch to wonder how she had discovered the place under the floor; or what she had intended to do with the money. He was aware only that the man had his back to the door, and that he, Stepanovitch, had a bayonet in his belt. He had thrown his rifle away as soon as he had leaped from the train, but he had a bayonet still. He crept round to the door very cautiously.

Ten minutes later the deserter came out from his cottage. He had not slept for two nights or more, and he rolled as he walked toward the frontier. In the morning, when the German agent had put him on his way to the country where there was much gold. Sometimes, being very drowsy and forgetful, he would call to Katinka to hasten, before he recollected that Katinka was not with him, being already asleep. The morning, when it came, was not so peaceful or so joyous as he expected. But it was better, he thought, than it would have been if the train had been taking him to the Manchurian country to be shot by the yellow Imps instead of to the land of gold—Black and White.

Literary Style.
Colonel Frank Beard, for many years a stenographer in the General Sessions Court, was discussing with some of his colleagues the difficulties of reporting speakers given to the use of long and involved sentences. Illustrations were given from speeches of William M. Everts, Bourke Cockran and Phillips Brooks.

"Why," said Colonel Beard, "none of them are in it with Judge James Fitzgerald, now of the Supreme Court. I reported a sentence of his on one occasion which, I believe, is the longest on record."

"Can you remember it?" asked one. "Why, certainly," said Colonel Beard. "It was in the Schoenholz firebug case, and the words, as I remember them, were: 'Forty-eight years at hard labor in State prison.'"

Irritating Iteration.
"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often." "Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."—Philadelphia Press.

A Funeral in Turkey.
H. Rider Haggard in a new book of travel thus describes a funeral in Turkey: "The corpse, accompanied by a

motley crowd of mourners, relatives, sightseers and children, was laid uncoffined upon a rough bier that looked like a huge mortar board and hidden from sight beneath a shroud ornamented with red and green scarves. Upon arrival at the graveyard, an unkempt place, with stones innocent of the mason's hammer marking the head and foot of each grave and serving as stands for pumpkins to dry in the sun, the dead man was carried to a primitive bench or table made of two slabs set upright in the ground about seven feet apart and the third laid on them crossways. Here, while a woman sitting on a little mound at a distance set up a most wild and melancholy wail for the departed, a priest, stepping forward, began to offer up prayers, to which the audience made an occasional response. The brief service concluded, once more the body was lifted and borne round the cemetery to its grave, that seemed to be about three feet six inches in depth. Here it was robbed of its gay-colored scarves, of which a little child took charge, and after a good deal of animated discussion lowered into the hole in a sitting posture with the help of two linen bands that one of the company unwound from about his middle."

London's First Bridge.
The first London bridge is said to have been built in 978. A bridge of wood was constructed in 1044 and was partly buried in 1136. The last old bridge was commenced about 1176 and completed in 1209. There were gate-houses and the bridge was lined with stores. It was the custom to hang the heads of criminals on London bridge. The head of Sir William Wallace was hung there in 1305; Simon Frisel, 1306; Lord Bardolf, 1408; Bollingbroke, 1440; "Jack" Cade, 1451; Fisher, bishop of Rochester, 1535; Sir Thomas More, 1535. There were many others. All the houses were taken down in 1756 and the bridge burned in 1774. In 1824 a new bridge was begun 200 feet west of the old bridge. It was opened in August, 1831.

Entangled in a Live Wire.
If a person is entangled in a live electric wire and you want to extricate him therefrom do not take hold of the victim's hands, as is often done in a case of this kind. You will be shocked if you do. Be sure to grab the clothes alone, and then you are safe, and the current cannot reach you. Do not let anything come in contact with your bare hands but his coat and trousers. Of course if you have thick leather gloves on you can handle with impunity the individual in distress.

Interference with Conjugal Rights.
"I'm opposed to these here White Caps," said the strong-minded woman of Billville.

"You air?" "Yes, I air! I've been a-whippin' of my husband for ten year—come Christmas—an' last night they called on him an' jest took the job right out of my hands!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The so-called new thought is merely an old thought discovered by new people.

OLD Favorites

The Fool's Prayer.
The royal feast was done; the King
Sought out some new sport to banish
care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we pray;
Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away."

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend."

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had no sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall."

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the sage;
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"
—Edward Rowland Sill.

The Old, Old Song.
When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young
—Charles Kingsley.

PALMIST KNEW HER BUSINESS.
Would-Be Authoress' Fate Was Open Book to Her.

The girl in black hesitated. The sign was a very inviting one and then she wanted to know—oh, several things. For she was a girl who wrote—and wrote—and wrote. Mostly she got little printed slips, "The editors regret," etc. This time she was almost sure and here was the sign, "Mme. Blank, scientific palmist. Futures foretold." Besides, there was Harry and he—well, he had sworn that proposal No. 5 was to be the limit. In her own mind she had quite decided that if this last—this bright pet story—failed, she would give up all hope of the literary career that she had planned for herself, though, to tell the truth, it was a case of "I like candy, but candy doesn't like me." Fame absolutely refused to respond to her wooing—and then there was Harry.

He was so very nice and somehow he always sold his stuff. Then, too, proposal No. 5 was due to-night and he had story enthusiastically received or cruelly returned she could not know until to-morrow.

"I'll do it," she said. "I'll go in and listen to the woman and abide by what she says." So she rang the bell and waited. The door was opened by a sweet-faced woman. "Your palm read? Certainly; step right in."

"Ah! you have a very fortunate hand indeed. You will marry very shortly. Excuse the question, but have you your wedding day set?" "Oh, no, indeed," said the girl; "I may never marry at all."

"It's very funny," murmured the palmist, who by some strange fortune appeared to really know her business; "I could have sworn that they were to be married this very day. When the line of—"

"Dear me," remonstrated the girl, "can't you see something else in my hand? Do you see anything about, eh—about writing, you know?" "Oh, yes," said Madame Blank, looking at the hand contemplatively. "Yes, I should say that you wrote a very fair hand indeed."

"Gracious, I don't mean that! I mean writing stories!"

"The man you marry will write for a living, if that's what you mean. You will be very happy and your husband famous. Now, look at the—"

"Excuse me," haughtily said the girl, as she swept her hand away. "I've an appointment that I entirely forgot. How much? Fifty cents? Thank you; good day."

"Horrid old thing!" she murmured when she reached the street; then in surprise she exclaimed, "Why, Harry,

where did you come from? You look particularly happy."

"I am," he returned. "I have been offered the editorship of one of the best magazines in New York. Congratulate me, won't you, dear? And say, No. 5 is not due until to-night, but I must catch the 9 o'clock express. Say yes and come with me, won't you, little girl? Ah, do, dear?"

"But, Harry, the answer to my story hasn't come, and, besides, who could get ready to go by that train?" She was weakening, says the New York Times. You see, he really was going, and—oh, well, what was the use of denying it—she did love him and New York was a lovely place.

"Yes, I'll do it, Harry. Only give me time to do my hair and put my hat on straight."

"And the story—"

"Never mind; they'll probably reject it."

And they did.

MIRACLE PROVES EASY.

One Cure at a Shrine at Least Has Practical Illustration.

Stories of the miraculous performances in which Father Ignatius, at Llanthony, Wales, has raised the dead to life recall the sensation of a few years ago at Nock, in Ireland, where in a certain church a shrine was supposed to have restored the halt, the lame, and even the blind.

At the time Dr. Oscar A. King of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons was traveling in Ireland, and he made it a point to look into some of the stories of marvelous cures.

"One of these cases was of a boy about 17 years old, who had been cured of a tumor in the trachea, or wind-pipe," said the doctor, recalling the experience. "According to the stories current the boy had been affected since birth and the tumor had been declared inoperable. Yet he had gone to the church and had been cured in an instant."

"Well, I went down to the place and found the young man, who repeated the story in detail. Then I went to the surgeons who had examined him and who had given up his case as hopeless. The report of the surgeons was that since infancy the child had been troubled by a tubercle in the windpipe, the thing being about the size of a pea and attached to the wall of the trachea by a threadlike fiber. The parents of the child were indifferent about the operation at best, while in the one trial of the physicians to remove the obstruction the boy had fought them all off."

"The miracles of Nock had aroused the interest of the parents, however, and the boy had been sent down there to the shrine. At that time the faithful were going in hundreds to the church, and it was being torn to pieces by relic hunters, who desired souvenirs of their visit. That afternoon the plastering on the walls was suffering, and at the moment of the boy's entering the building was full of lime dust and sand. As he stepped inside he strangled on the dust, was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and in the paroxysm the tubercle was coughed up and out and away."

"Yet, seriously enough, the boy had been cured at the shrine!"

A CONDUCTOR'S GOOD SIDE.

They Are Not All as Calloused as Popularly Supposed.

Some street car conductors are not so black as they are painted. A Tenth avenue horse car was on its downtown trip Thursday afternoon. At Forty-third street it stopped to take on a passenger. The passenger was an old lady with gray hair. She leaned upon a pair of crutches. The conductor, who was a ruddy-faced German, got off the car to help her on, when she said in a squeaky voice: "Help my Mary. She's blind."

On the curb stood another old lady with her sightless eyes turned toward the cripple. She bore a close resemblance to her companion. They were probably sisters. They were poorly dressed. The conductor hurried to the curb, and with a gentle "Come, auntie," escorted the blind woman to the car, placed her on the seat, then went back to help the lame one aboard. They looked to be very poor, and, in fact, beggars who depend upon the charity of the tenement dwellers of the west side for a living. The lame one wore a wedding ring.

At Twenty-third street a gorgeously dressed woman with diamond rings on her ungloved right hand did not move very rapidly in getting off the car. "Step off lively, there," said the conductor gruffly.

At Horatio street a man in his shirt-sleeves, who by some strange shrinkage, yelled that he wanted to be let off. "All right, partner," said the German conductor pleasantly, and he guided the staggering man to the curb and had difficulty in refusing the invitation to "Come have one."

The man in the front corner, says the New York Times, who had been a close observer to all that happened, said to the ministerial-looking passenger next to him:

"That conductor's all right, eh?"

A Gloomy Pessimist.
Nocash (disconsolately)—The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. Friend—What's wrong now? Nocash—Miss Fatpurse has refused me and is going to marry Mr. Coupon.
—New York Weekly.

When a man calls his wife "she" and "her," it's a sign they don't get along very well.

How a man who is hoarse likes to use his voice!

THE GUEST.

He Showed the Beauty of Giving Up One's Rights.

Many years ago a girl found herself suddenly denied a pleasure to which she had been looking forward for many weeks. The very morning of the excursion an unexpected relative "dropped in." The carriage, even by crowding, would not hold more than six, and some reason of necessity or courtesy made it impossible for any one to stay at home except the girl. The situation was evident from the first moment.

The girl looked round the group gathered for hasty and secret conference with stormy eyes.

"It isn't fair!" she cried. "Every single one has been before except me. Because I'm the youngest haven't I any rights?"

A guest entered the room just in time to catch the angry outburst. Clearly he had stumbled upon a "scene," but it was too late to retreat. With the charm that never failed him he turned to the girl.

"Ah, Miss Peggy, these 'rights'!" he exclaimed. "They are troublesome things, aren't they? How they do dog us all our lives! Really, the best thing I know about them is that, since they are our rights, we have the privilege of surrendering them for others."

And then, after taking a book from the table, he left the room.

The girl stood still; she could not understand, but dimly she seemed to catch a glimpse of a wide country of beauty. When she came to herself, her mother was speaking:

"If only I could give you my place, dear! But I can't stay when Cousin Betty has come. You—"

The girl spoke briefly. "I'll stay," she said.

The others praised and petted her and promised her many things, but she slipped from them as quickly as possible. She waited until she heard the carriage start, and then went down to the still, sunny garden. Suddenly she stopped, for on the bench, with the sunlight falling across his fine old face, sat the guest, with a volume of "Horace" in his hand.

A quick color rose in the girl's forehead, for this guest, whom they all admired, was connected in her mind with her disappointment.

"I believe you're practicing what you preached!" she exclaimed.

He looked up with his charming smile. "Not at all," he said. "I simply exchanged pleasures." And then he added something strange: "Child, there are so many kinds of happiness if one has the patience to search."

The guest went his way a day or two later, and the girl never saw him again. But all her life after the thought of the privilege of giving up her rights came to her as the memory of a still, secret corner in a summer garden where one looked out into the high country of beauty and honor which is the homeland of the soul—YOUTH'S Companion.

FARMS IN THE DEEP SEA.

Artificial Propagation of Sponges Is Now a Recognized Business.

The sponge, like most other of nature's gifts, is in danger of being effaced by reason of the ruthlessness of man. Growing upon the surfs of the ocean, largely off the Florida coast, they have been comparatively easy of access, and as there has always been a good market for them the rocks have been stripped without regard to the needs of the future. Anticipating the extinguishment of this useful fungus, the government has been making experiments to demonstrate the practicability of its artificial propagation and ere long there will be a stock farm of sponges on the Florida coast, where a man can go and buy eggs or young sponges as he would buy hens' eggs or calves now.

Some time ago Dr. H. F. Moore began experiments at Sugar Leaf Key, about twenty-five miles east of Key West, and at several places in Biscayne Bay. Several thousand sponge cuttings were planted at these places under a variety of conditions. The chief problem confronting the experimenter in this field is to find some ready means of attaching the cuttings to a durable support, capable of resisting the action of salt water and the ravages of the teredo and animals having similar destructive habits and which at the same time will not have an injurious effect upon the growing sponge. The cuttings live and their out surfaces heal without difficulty.

About six weeks after the plants were made they were examined and under favorable conditions it was found that about 95 per cent of the sheepwool cuttings were alive, healed and apparently healthy. In several cases where the plants were made in places exposed to very strong currents many of the pieces were torn loose from their supports, while others had been killed by rough action of the currents.

The cuttings from yellow sponges suffered a much greater mortality than those made from the sheepwool sponge, but whether this be due to the more delicate nature of the animal or to the accidental conditions under which they were planted is not yet determined.

So far as has been discovered the more valuable sheepwool sponge seems to possess greater hardness than its cogeners.

Looked Like 80 Cents.

Bill—I see that defeated candidate for Alderman states that he consented to part with 30 cents as his campaign expenses.

Jill—Well, he looks the part—Yonkers Statesman.

When it comes to talking baby talk a man is willing to acknowledge a woman's superiority.

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when good medicine is so much needed as in the Spring.

The blood is impure, weak and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength, and want of animation.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Make the blood pure, vigorous and rich, create appetite, give vitality, strength and animation, and cure all eruptions. Have the whole family begin to take them today.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used in our family for some time, and always with good results. Last spring I was all run down and got a bottle of it, and as usual received great benefit." Miss BEULAH BOYCE, Stowe, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keep the promise.

Khaki-Khaki

We have in stock a fine lot of government Khaki coats and pants which we are selling for \$2.50 a suit. They are just what you want for hunting, mining, fishing, camping, prospecting, ranching and lumbering.

W. S. Kirk, 1209 1st Ave., SEATTLE.

PATENTS BARNES & SEATTLE

SEND FOR BOOK ON PATENTS

Farm Wanted

If you have a good farm for sale, give us a detailed and legal description of same at once. We sell on a 5 per cent commission basis and are now in touch with many eastern buyers. Mutual Realty Co., 316 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Wash.

Money—Money neither preserves life or health, and cannot buy love. The man whose brain is busily scheming from one day's end until another how he shall invest his surplus income knows little peace or contentment.—Rev. R. A. Dawes, Methodist, Louisville, Ky.

Millions in Oats.

Salzer's New National Oats yielded in Mich., 240 bu. in Mo., 255 bu. in N. D., 31 bu., and in 30 other states from 150 to 300 bu. per acre. Now this Oat is generally grown in 1905, will add millions of bushels to the yield and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse!

Homebuilder Yellow Dent Corn grows like a weed and yields from 157 to 200 bushels and more per acre. It's the biggest yielder on earth!

Salzer's Speltz, Barless Barley, Macaroni Wheat, Pen Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Kane are money makers for you, Mr. Farmer.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [P. C. L.]

Reindeer in Alaska have proved an immense success, and Dr. Sheldon Jackson is vindicated.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1904. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. The Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In complimenting August Belmont upon his election to the presidency of the National Civic Federation—a place which the late Senator Hanna occupied at the time of his death—the New York Times calls Mr. Belmont "a workman of great industry," and adds that the wage-earner who was burdened by one-third of his cares and responsibilities would feel that he was taxed beyond his strength. The statement in regard to Mr. Belmont is undoubtedly true, and the same statement would be equally true of many other millionaires.



For Cupboard Corner

St. Jacobs Oil

Straight, strong, sure, is the best household remedy for

Rheumatism

Neuralgia Sprains
Lumbago Bruises
Backache Soreness
Sciatica Stiffness

Price, 25c. and 50c.

FOOTGEAR OF THE JAPANESE.

They Make the Feet Hard and the Ankles Strong.

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, are on of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritable squeak that makes his very nerves shudder, says the London Chronicle. Nevertheless, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constituted to make feet as hard as sheet iron and ankles as strong as steel girders.

The shoes are divided into two varieties; the low shoe is called the "komageta" and is only used when the roads are in good condition. The high shoes, named "ashida," are worn when the weather is rainy and the roads are muddy. Both kinds have a thin thong attached to the surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "komageta" resembles somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of more complicated design. They have two thin pieces of wood about three inches high at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors, and others have a tiny bell hanging from a hollow place at the back, which, as it tinkles in a mystic way, heralds the approach of children. The superior makes are covered with mats, made of panama. The highest price amounts to about 10 yen, or \$5, while the cheapest is less than 10 sen, or a few cents; but the "geta" will not last longer than a month, and once out of repair can never be mended.

Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed, it is far easier to acquire skating or stilt walking. The average child in Japan takes about two months before being able to move along on the national footgear, and the little ones repeatedly slip from the wooden blocks, falling to the ground, which seems to their miniature imaginations a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

A curious story is told of a San Francisco merchant who was invited to attend a fancy dress ball. He thought it would be quite the correct thing to attend in Japanese costume, and wrote to a friend in Yokohama to send a complete suit of the costume of a gentleman of high class. On receipt of the costume he was immensely surprised at its extensive variety. He mastered all the intricacies of the flowing robes, but when he unearthed the "geta" he was completely at a loss to understand its use. Having only just arrived in the country and not being over observant, he had omitted to notice the foot arrangements of the people. After much earnest consideration he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "Ah," he exclaimed in his desire to extol everything Japanese, "this wooden block has got a very lovely shape. It is very beautifully carved and artistic. Therefore, it must be a kind of decoration to be worn on the shoulders like epaulets." And so the merchant went to the ball with a "geta" on each shoulder instead of on each foot!

Some parents allow their children to play barefoot in the streets, but when going out with their elders or paying visits it is essential that every one, from the smallest to the tallest, must mount the wooden clog and propel themselves in this odd fashion. The dislike of the Japanese children for the activity of outdoor games is to be mainly attributed to the awkward incumbrances with which their little feet are loaded. For instance, one seldom sees Japanese children gamboling in open playgrounds—they have yet to learn the feverish pleasures of "hide and seek" or "rounders," while such a thing as top-spinning or football never obstructs the roadways.

Singular superstitions are associated with the "geta," which at times are decidedly useful. When a host desires that a too attentive caller should depart, he induces somebody to burn moxa, which has a peculiar odor, upon his shoes, which are outside the door. The guest will immediately take the hint and simultaneously his leave. When a thong of a "geta" is accidentally severed on the return from the visit to a sick person a firm belief exists that the patient must die. The Japanese, however, dearly love the "geta" and although civilization may teach them to win battles it will never induce them to wear leather boots.

Position in Sleep

According to Dr. Fischer of Berlin, the most effective position of sleep for obtaining intellectual rest is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Failing this, the body should, at any rate, be horizontal, so as to irrigate the brain well. The habit of sleeping with head low and feet high is, according to the doctor, a remedy for brain troubles and some internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

A Matter of Compulsion.

"So you want to become my son-in-law?" inquired the father of the young wooer.

"Not by a blame sight," replied the youth, "but as I intend to marry your daughter, I suppose I'll have to be."—Kansas City Star.

Ayer's

We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell

Cherry Pectoral

you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."

KATIE PETERSON, Petaluma, Cal.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

A Worn Path.

Church—I suppose the tradesmen coming to the house for orders wore that path in the grass?

Flatbush—No; our cat did that. We've taken her away so many, many times, and she's worn that path coming back.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Is a second marriage wrong?" asks Dr. Hillis. Might compromise by admitting that frequently it is a mistake.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

We have noticed that when a lot of women get together and talk about a woman they like, they say: "If I were she, I wouldn't stand it." In the event that they dislike her, they say of her husband: "What an old fool he is to stand it."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The Mother's Duty—it is the duty of every Christian mother so to direct the footsteps of her boys that at least one may choose to follow in the footsteps of the goodly man.—Rev. R. E. Williams, Presbyterian, Anacosta, Mont.

Permanently Cured. No fits or nerve agony after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 203 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Resolution.—Never throw away a good resolution because you have broken it. Mend it, and it will be better than ever. Mend it every time it breaks, and keep on using it.—Rev. R. J. Burdette, Baptist, Los Angeles, Cal.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

There is a great deal of controversy over the best way to dig the canal. We see no trouble with the simple plan of throwing the earth to one side and letting the water in.

For bronchial troubles try Pilo's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Let us hope that Gen. Stoessel will absolutely refuse to surrender to the magazine publishers.

Football has received what may almost be called its coup de grace at the hands of President Eliot of Harvard in his recent annual report. Notes of condemnation have been heard during the last year from not a few colleges and universities and from at least two State Legislatures, and it is likely that after this denunciation of Harvard the game will rush with increasing speed into disfavor and desuetude.

When a child I had a very severe attack of Diphtheria, which came near proving fatal. Upon recovery the glands of the neck were very much enlarged, and after the free use of iodine, the right one was reduced to its normal size, but the left one continued to grow—very slowly at first, until it was about the size of a goose egg, which began to press on the windpipe, causing difficult breathing, and became very painful. An incision was made and a large quantity of pus discharged. The gland was removed, or as much as could with safety be taken out. For ten years I wore a little piece of cloth about an inch long in my neck to keep the place open. During this time I had to have it cut open by the doctor every time I took cold or the opening clogged. In the Spring or early Summer of 1884 I was persuaded by my wife to use S. S. S., which I did, strictly in accordance with directions. I took twenty-six large bottles, and was entirely cured, for I have not suffered since that time.

R. S. RAGLAND, Royal Bag Mfg. Co., Charleston, S. C.

Only a constitutional remedy can reach an hereditary disease like Scrofula. When the blood is restored to a normal condition and the scrofulous deposits are carried off there is a gradual return to health. S. S. S. is well known as a blood purifier and tonic. It is the only guaranteed, strictly vegetable remedy sold. If you have any signs of Scrofula, write us and our physicians will advise you free.

S. S. S.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

A life preserver made of copper was invented by an Englishman, who gave an exhibition of its use in the River Thames.

An East India ship with 400 passengers and valuable cargo was lost in the Indian ocean.

A bill for extending the right of self-government to the district of Louisiana was read in the Senate.

A bill was passed in the Pennsylvania Legislature providing for the removal of the seat of government to Harrisburg.

Two British war vessels with a convoy of merchantmen were captured by French frigates. Most of the convoy escaped.

The sheriffs of Middlesex, England, were committed to Newgate for illegal and corrupt conduct in elections.

Napoleon denounced Emperor Desastines as a rebel and claimed St. Domingo as his own.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

The Austrian and Morocco States agreed on a settlement of their disputes.

The Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, France, advocated free trade in all silk goods.

Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was elected sovereign prince of Greece by the plenipotentiaries of England, France and Russia.

Sir Walter Scott was seriously ill at his home in Edinburgh.

Deputations from all parts of Great Britain met in London to consider trade with China, whose ports had just been opened to the world.

French missionaries—the first to go to South Africa—arrived at the cape of Good Hope.

An American ship arrived at Havre, France, with 1,400 bales of cotton, from Charleston, S. C.

Fifty Years Ago.

Dreadful election riots began in Kansas.

Gold was discovered along the Kern river in southern California.

New York and the New England States were experiencing the coldest weather ever known in that locality.

Earthquake shocks were felt in Clarksville and other parts of Virginia. All railroads leading out of Chicago were blocked by snow. Trains carrying from 100 to 300 passengers were held from one to four days in snow drifts.

Booth and Ryecraft, convicted in the federal court of Wisconsin for violation of the fugitive slave law, were discharged by the Supreme Court of the State.

A prize fight which was to have taken place on Riker's Island was broken up by the New York police.

Forty Years Ago.

The Illinois House of Representatives concurred in the Senate bill repealing the black laws.

The Cook county (Ill.) board of supervisors voted a bounty of \$400 for volunteers.

President Lincoln returned to Washington. The State Department announced that the peace negotiations at Fortress Monroe had come to nothing.

The alien bill (anti-Confederate) was passed by the Canadian parliament.

Thirty Years Ago.

Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin was beaten in his contest for the United States senatorship by the election of Angus Cameron.

The House of Representatives passed the civil rights bill.

The projected Hennepin canal engaged the entire attention of the House of Representatives.

A special engineering committee appointed by the President recommended Jetties instead of the Fort St. Philips canal for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi river.

Twenty Years Ago.

The trophies of Gen. Grant, purchased by Vanderbilt and given to the widow, were given by her to the government.

Three men were killed by a mob at Audubon, Iowa. They had murdered an old man.

O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish agitator, was shot and wounded on the street in New York by Yseulte Dudley, a woman.

Expectant and anxious Democrats visited President-elect Cleveland in New York and found him a sphinx regarding his plans.

The worst storm in years swept over Chicago, tying up traffic and causing much suffering.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE BEST COPY OF WRAPPER.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by *Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.*

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS.

WANTED—50 farms immediately. 50 customers from the East have arrived and are ready to buy farms. What have you for sale.

O. W. BROWN, 415 Pacific Block, Seattle, Wash.

WANTED SALESMEN to canvass amongst the farmers and dealers selling fire, water and burglar insurances. Prices within reach of everyone. Good money maker. Have agents now making \$1000 per day.

Address

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ABOVE ALL OTHERS

TOWERS FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

THE HIGHEST STANDARD FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

MADE IN NEW YORK

FOR RENTALS

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FOR BEDGOWN

FOR NIGHTGOWN

FOR Pajamas

FOR UNDERWEAR

FOR HOSIERY

FOR STOCKINGS

FOR SHOES

FOR HATS

FOR GLOVES

FOR BELT

FOR TIE

FOR SCARF

FOR CUFF

FOR COLLAR

FOR LACE

FOR BUTTON

FOR ZIPPER

FOR EYEGLASS

FOR SPECTACLES

FOR CANE

FOR WALKER

FOR TRUNK

FOR SUITCASE

FOR BAG

FOR VALISE

FOR CASE

FOR BOX

FOR CUPBOARD

FOR DRAWER

FOR DOOR

FOR WINDOW

FOR FLOOR

FOR WALL

FOR CEILING

FOR ROOF

FOR GROUND

FOR AIR

FOR WATER

FOR FIRE

FOR LIGHT

FOR SOUND

FOR SMELL

FOR TASTE

FOR TOUCH

FOR FEEL

FOR THINK

FOR FEEL

FOR THINK

FOR FEEL

FOR THINK

Don't Get Wet

Salzer's National Oats

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THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

Next Monday evening the newly elected Council will organize and get ready for business for the coming year. SENTINEL believes that the people have made good selections in choosing the men who will transact their business. Mayor Jensen and councilmen Lynch, Coulter and Lloyd have had some experience in town affairs. Mr. Rosenthal is a level-headed business man, as are also Messrs. L. J. Cole and G. V. Carson, and the citizens may confidently look for them to join the old members in giving us a progressive but at the same time economical administration of affairs. The position of mayor and councilmen the coming year will be no snap. A school building is to be erected; although the trustee will have management in straightening out the interior of the town, the council may aid him materially; new streets will be opened up and these will need looking after; in fact the new era into which we are about to enter will call for new duties not demanded heretofore. But we believe the new board elected will be equal to the emergency and that the people will have no cause of regret for electing them. In the organization, it is quite probable that Mr. Jensen will be re-elected Mayor, Mr. Worden Clerk and Mr. McCormack Treasurer, as the peculiar fitness of these men for the respective positions suggest that they should be. However that may be; whoever is chosen for these places, it behooves our citizens to assist their legislative body in doing all they can to promote the best interests of our growing little town.

Bro. Frame of the Juneau Transcript accuses SENTINEL of scoring Gov. Brady for talking "Agriculture." Right he is on that proposition, so far as Southeastern Alaska is concerned. It is not because it is John G. Brady that makes the statement, but it is because it is so erroneous that it should call forth the condemnation of even as hardened a sinner as Frame. If the Gov. finds a good farming country a thousand miles west of us, let him say so. It may be there the same as it is down in the state of Washington, a less distance from us. But he don't do it. He says "right here at Sitka," where he has a 4x9 patch cleared, stables a cow on it for a time, throws on a dozen sacks of guano, sows a few grains of wheat, oats and barley in a row, watches it, nurses it, stakes it, matures it by artificial heat, and after shelling it out computes that it would go so much per acre. That is a delusion and a snare, and should be condemned by cloven-footed sour-doughs as well as by "get-rich-quick artists." Again we say the "grand old man" is "talking through his hat" when he talks agriculture for this part of Alaska. If you don't believe it, Frame, come down here and take up a quarter section of "fine farming" land just outside of town and demonstrate to the people that this is a "great agriculture" country.

In speaking of the parcel-post mail delivery, a leading wholesale house in New York says: "Among other reasons why farmers and others should patronize their home merchants are these, briefly stated: By giving them your trade you help worthy men who have given the best part of their lives to help build up the social and business interests of the community in which you live. If they, by good business judgment and economy, have been able to amass enough of this world's good to provide for the proverbial rainy day and invest this surplus in real estate or personal property, as they usually do, who is benefited? Surely the taxpayers of the county in which they do business and not the municipalities of Chicago or New York. The mail-order houses are not in it for their health. One firm in Chicago is preparing to erect buildings, the cost of which will be \$3,000,000, which is but a drop in the bucket of that firm's profits in the past few years."

Promoting Salmon Consumption.

The editor of the San Francisco Trade Journal is in receipt of a letter from a leading salmon canner of the north, who says: Will you do me the favor to state through the columns of your paper the best way to promote the consumption of salmon? This I ask knowing that your thirty odd years' experience in this industry will qualify you to form a correct idea on this subject, to which the editor replies: The consumptive demand of all articles of commerce is regulated largely by the price, and also by the industrial position of the masses. When the masses are employed as wage earners and their earning capacity increased, they live better and do not scan prices so much as when a large part of them are out of employment with wages easing off and a feeling of uncertainty exists with those who are at work. This condition invariably brings out cheapening in living expenses and actual necessities bought and then in smaller quantities and at as low figures as possible. With a curtailing in living expenses comes a lessened demand for articles commanding prices above what the masses can afford to buy, but with prices within their reach then the consumption only falls away in a small proportion. This is the natural law of trade and commerce and one that cannot be ignored by those in interest. Regarding salmon it can be affirmed without the fear of contradiction that the price largely regulates the consumption. When that is not within the reach of the masses then only the better financial fixed can buy to any large extent, and these we dare say do not number 25 per cent of consumers. The history of the salmon industry discloses the fact that when prices receded in 90 and 95 cents, according to brand for Alaska red and other kind sold proportional low, the demand grew and new distributive points were brought in, so that a higher range of values was made without curtailing to any extent the consumption demand, but when a value of from \$1.20 to \$1.30 f. o. b. Pacific coast was set to be established, the masses were forced to take less or do without it entirely. So marked was this that it was readily recognized and a lower range of prices was established for Alaska salmon with \$1.00 to \$1.10 according to brand f. o. b. coast the basis for reds. These reasonable prices have reduced the heavy carry overs at home and abroad to such an extent that the new season deliveries of Alaska salmon will come in on a practically bare market at home, and supplies abroad, not more than enough to carry them much longer than the middle of 1906.

There is no good reason why Alaskans should not have been eating venison and ducks and geese up to this time. Bucks have been rolling in fat, and fowls have never been in as prime condition as right now. While it is right to protect deer, there are enough bucks to supply Alaskans with meat for the next ten years; and so far as geese are concerned, enough hunters couldn't be shipped into Alaska to cause any perceptible difference in their numbers. As geese do not nest here, why this restriction? It is all wrong. The prohibition of killing deer for their pelts is a just and righteous law; further than that the law is an injustice to all Alaskans and should be modified.

From what we hear we should judge that they had "a hot time in the old town" of Juneau at the election on the 4th. The question hinged on the question of whether the should have an "open town" or "bottle it up." The "opens" won and the following progressive gentlemen were elected as councilmen: F W Young, James McCloskey, J F Maloney, Henry States, Dave Fales, Louis Lund, Ernest Jaeger.

It is not often that people trust a newspaper man as the people of Douglas trust Bro. Hopp. He has just been elected councilman for the fourth time.

A special from Washington to the Dispatch, April 4th, says: Governor John Green Brady, of Alaska, was charged some time ago with being connected with a mining company, which was extensively advertising its affairs. The president directed Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock a month ago that Brady was either to withdraw from the company or resign his official position and he was notified forthwith. Gov. Brady's reply was due here last week, but no answer is at hand and the heavy hand of the department is about to fall. Hitchcock is indignant at the state of affairs.

The Ketchikan Journal has been sold by Swineford & Rice to Countant and Wyatt. Under the old management the Journal has been one of the sprightliest, wide awake papers on the coast and has undoubtedly been a money maker. May the new management keep it up to its former point of excellence, and may they enjoy the same degree of prosperity.

The Cablegram is imploring Sitka to incorporate. If she should be counted in Alaska's live towns, and pose as the capital of the commonwealth, she could not make a better move than adopt local self-government, if the father of the town is opposed to territorial form of government for Alaska.

War news are very meagre at this time. Owing to conflicting reports it is not safe to state authentically whether the end has been reached; but from the lull in reports it is quite likely the case. If so, how humiliated the old Bear must feel.

The average maximum temperature for the month of March as reported by Observer Sharick is 47 above. The average minimum 37. Six inches of rain fell during the month and there were 13 clear days.—Transcript.

Let Wrangellites not forget the Dry Straits.

The Wrangell Drug Co.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., February 15, 1905. Sealed proposals (in duplicate) for the construction of frame buildings to be used as school houses and teachers' residences at the following points in Alaska, to-wit: Cairn, Selkirk (Cay), Selkirk (Cay), Wood Island (near Kodiak); also at Yakutat; Haines, Killisnoo, Wrangell and Jackson, in Southeastern Alaska, will be received at the Department until two o'clock p. m., Saturday, April 15, 1905, and will be opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of such bidders as may desire to attend. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids received. Blank forms of proposal, embracing specifications, may be obtained on application to the Department, or to the Commissioner of Education, where drawings showing details may be inspected. Plans and specifications may also be seen and obtained from Prof. William A. Kelly, at Sitka, Alaska; at Juneau and Douglas, from Livingston F. Jones; from the U. S. Commissioners at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Seward, and Valdez, Alaska.

McIntire, E. A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

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